



MAYHAP #8

# スーパードライ

禁水 Don't Eat



たべない  
(NO)



ぬらさない  
(NO)



あけない  
(YES)



子供に注意  
(NO)

free or 55¢ by mail or trade

INSIDE ISSUE #8

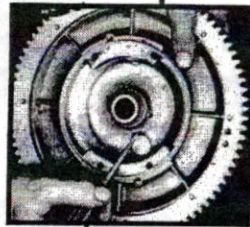
WTO Media Aftermath(pg.3); Rob Los Ricos on June 18(5); Human Nature(7); Officer Andrews(fiction-9); Questions(21); Books(25); Privilege(27); A Plea(30) + stuff.

MAYHAP #8

## modern day ★word

**FEMINISM**  
the modern day /word  
reflected and thrown aside  
but who the fuck is doing the defining?  
this term was given  
by our MOTHERS and our SISTERS as  
a gift

In which to name the phallic  
a language  
laid down by the patriarchy  
in which to call them on their shit  
to recognize our gender oppression  
to question and fight against it  
to question and fight against it



**FEMINISM**  
The radical notion that women are people  
and now they want us to believe that this language  
is a burden bringing us down  
that as a woman you're a 'bitch'  
If you have found your inner strength and fight for your liberation  
'bitch'

oh, you mean RADICAL

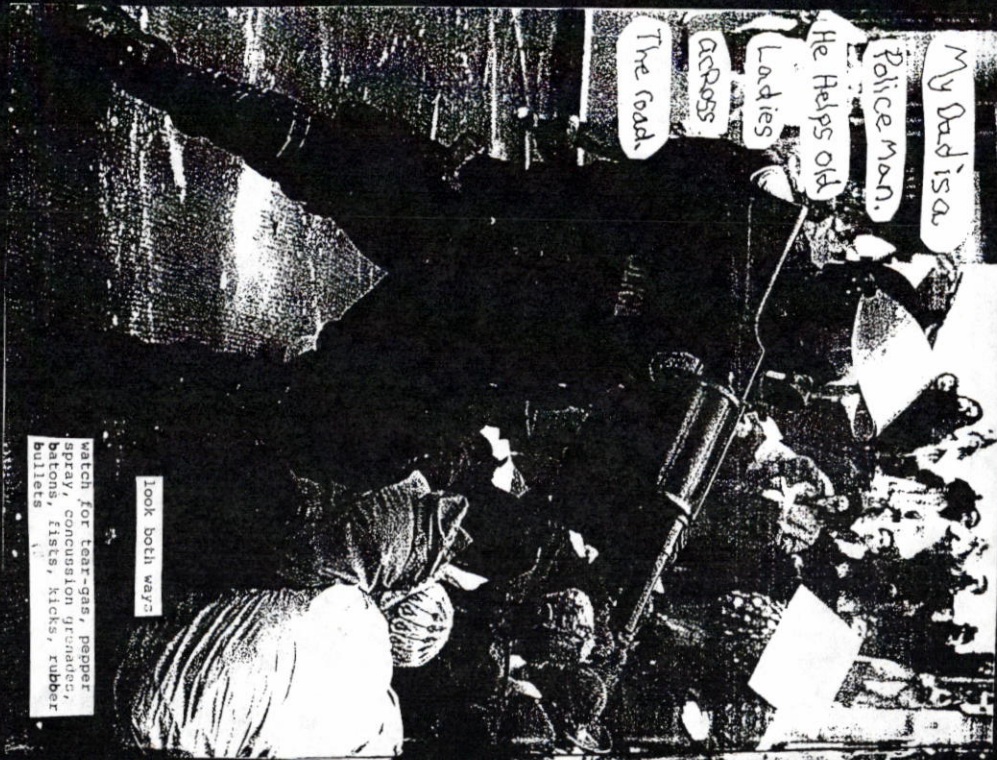
and what the fuck is wrong with being radical anyway?  
someone has to wake up this blinded, droning society  
and what the fuck is wrong with being angry anyway?  
ANGER is just an inherent reaction to the pain that we have suffered  
and oh I forgot, there's no inequality anymore  
it's the 90's now

well, I'm not your baby and the light is not over yet  
I still can't work alone at night without the fear of being attacked  
and the brainless objectified bodies of women still dangle in the media  
some say the label feminist confines women in it's limited boundaries  
it's not feminism which confines women  
It's the system that labels our gender as inferior  
If you don't choose a label  
believe me  
I would rather accept this label  
so I would rather accept this label  
this gift

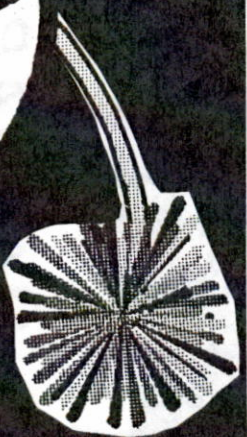
given by our mothers and our sisters  
by with it  
punish it's boundaries  
and expand it's reaching  
so that it fits  
me  
You

**modern day /word** was inspired by various people that  
I have encountered at one point or another who have told me that  
they are not feminists. In the equality of men and women, but do not like to  
define themselves as a problem anymore. I as well did not want to  
myself a feminist for a long time. I believe that part of the reason  
why, is because I was subverted by the mainstream media into  
believing the stereotypes about what feminism is. I don't believe  
in the stereotypes about feminism. It is as important as opening  
one's mind to feminist theory. It is as important as understanding  
that these are important in understanding gender oppression as  
well as various other oppressions within our society. we encourage  
people to further question the interconnected notions about  
gender, and to consider the importance of feminist ideology and  
practices. . . .

taken from the booklet  
to Anti-product's LP







# Throw Switch

MAYHAP #8  
Po Box 5841  
Eugene, OR 97405

The calendar.  
Has two missions: one utility, one sentiment.  
It is a symbol of time, combining the past, the present and the future.

As the clock records the seconds, minutes and hours, it records the days, weeks and years.

All the world looks at it, talks about it, and regulates its business and social life by it.

No letter is ever written, no check is ever signed, no book is ever published, no money ever coined that does not bear its imprint. It is the one thing in addition to the clock that the world must constantly consult.

It gets display space in the home, office and public place.

In return, it is both useful and decorative.

It works, constantly, for those it represents, telling folks who they are, where they are and what they have to sell.

It is an ever present salesman, impressing people favorably, reminding them tactfully on each day of the year that its employers value their business.

But it is more - it is an ambassador of good will, entrusted with a special mission: To remind all men and women of the value that is placed upon the greatest asset a business can have, the friendship of those they serve.

- This is the calendar.

With the use of computers, the Beast will be able to control every person on the globe.

CALENDARS FOR YEAR-ROUND ADVERTISING



-And last: LETTERS! The first thing I turn to in any zine or newspaper is the letters section. Write in and complain!

So, if you are so inclined, and think the zine is worth it, give it a go. Send something in. I'll be doing these about 3-4 times a year. Around 250 copies at a time, and then on an as-needed basis. Contributors get as many issues as they want.

Thanks to Rob Los Ricos, the first contributor in the history of Mayhap(hem) to be published--uh, photocopied. (Well, and only the second one to send anything in--the other person didn't want their contribution put out--but I hope that person will still send in something else) Thanks.

MAYHAP PO Box 5841  
Eugene, OR 97405

#7(WTO, one story, some essay-like things, and punk travel stories)  
#6(June 18 aftermath, stories, sexist punks--I have some left)

CRITICAL MASS PRODUCTION MODEL



RECLAIM THE STREETS!



NO GODS

NO MASTERS





When I started this series of zines in 1994, I had what is called the grand vision. A project evolving into a mass circulation zine with many contributors. Well, hell, I barely managed to put out one a year up until last year, when I did three. I've been writing a lot more, and feeling more attached to the zine then ever before. The problem is, the zine isn't what I wanted it to be. There's a simple cause for that: I write the whole damn thing.

The content has varied and stayed the same over the years: fiction and essays, remembrances and polemics, and odd assortments of jokes or what-have-you. But it has all come from me. No matter how wide my own interests and points of view, the zine is still too narrowly focused. I can't begin to relate, cover, describe everything I wanted in the zine by myself. The zine lacks the essential importance of a variety of viewpoints and experiences that I can never explain well because I don't have, or haven't had them. What I'm saying is that for Mayhap to be what I want it to be, I need other people writing for it, or contributing something they wrote to it. Even within the anarchist/radical/punk world I'm in, the zine lacks the diversity of opinion and experience I think it needs to be enjoyable/readable.

So, to you reading this, I make the pitch: contribute. Anything. I won't pretend that I don't have the final say so over what goes in. After all, I'm spending the time, doing the work, etc. I won't put in anything I find oppressive. That should go without saying. Notice I didn't say "What I don't agree with". I disagree with lots of things that are still important to talk about/see. There's very little limit here. I love stories, vignettes, comics. I like to read literary reviews and polemics. This is what I like, not necessarily what I think should go in the zine.

\*If you want to contribute something to this zine, please do\* While I have some ideas about recurring columns, I would appreciate anything. It's a plea, yes, one that I hope you will respond to.

IDEAS FOR COLUMNS, ETC. (I guess I don't mean the same person on these topics every zine, but a rotating take on each issue. Of course, people are welcome to contribute something every zine)

-HUMAN NATURE: The concept of human nature is essential to the forms this world operates under. What we believe about human nature often guides our beliefs, actions. I'd like an ongoing column/dialogue about various concepts of human nature.

-A column dedicated to remembering the way punks were/are represented in TV/film. For instance, what was it like being 8 years old and seeing punks on Chips?

-Personal stories of participation in protests, direct action.

it's not enough and neither is this dept.:

The fallout from the carnival that was the anti-WTO protests in Seattle has proved interesting. Most of the 500+ arrested have been let off (keep your senses tuned to hear about the rest, they usually don't make the papers). The media freaked over it, and covered the Davos, Switzerland meeting and trade conference in Thailand. Now they're worried about the World Bank/IMF meetings in D.C. in April, identifying those "who organized the WTO protests in Seattle" as having a hand in the upcoming protests and the ones at the previous two mentioned. Globalization, I reckon.

Media is always fun in regard to these things (if it wasn't so dangerous). Time magazine, in December, opened their WTO story with a picture of a robo-cop menacing sitting protestors and a big Sex Pistols style circle A below the headline: "Rage Against the Machine." There's probably a video in there somewhere (oh, yeah, I guess a TV news program in Portland did that, complete with the "Anarchy for the UK" anthem). 60 Minutes II chimed in with a story on the Eugene anarchist menace. Spin magazine as well. NY Times, etc. One columnist for Time said that the Seattle protestors were just a bunch of sixties holdovers and that anarchism was just plain dumb. From the absurd to the factually incorrect to narrow analysis: What Fun!?

One important result for anarchists and other radicals: the fallout from these events lets you know who your friends are. Aligning themselves with the right-wingers, democrats, et al, many Leftoids practically fell over themselves to denounce anarchists as hooligans. So quick to sell-out anarchists in order to disassociate themselves from economic sabotage and try to gain legitimacy for their own reform-minded messages. From Ralph Nader, to Norman Solomon to Global Exchange: this anti-anarchist stance undermines any claim they make that they desire radical change or even beneficial reforms. If these people are so willing to give up others to the state--i.e., saying that the police should have arrested property destroyers instead of bashing heads (how about saying the police shouldn't have been there at all?)--we know that they cannot be trusted. So Leviathanized, they have no trouble sacrificing others to the beast in order to bolster their own belief in crumbs of reform. Since we are all inside the belly of Leviathan, we can try to claw our way out or we can try to rearrange the entrails we live in. Rearranged(reformed) entrails are still abhorrent.

Likewise, some have made the distinction between anarchist property destruction and looting by street kids in Seattle. Some anarchists, misquoted I hope, have encouraged this. Perhaps the looters didn't have a political analysis of the events--though,

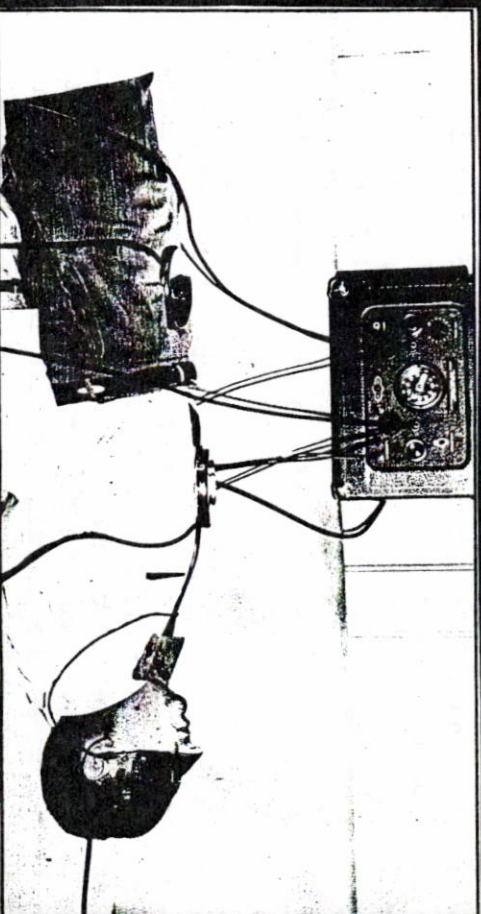




did anyone ask them?--but apparently they didn't need one in order to engage in class warfare. The stores and the corporations got it, we don't. So what's the problem? Opportunistic looting it was, but what's wrong with that? Nobody is going to give you anything, we are repeatedly told. Under this unequal system of work, buy, consume, many are left out of even this fucked-up cycle. Nobody wants drudge work, and may not even have that, so many lack food, shelter. It doesn't take much analysis to realize that things are fucked-up and unfair. If the street kids equalize things a bit, who are you to condemn it? Especially in political terms. Looting is the politic of action, not words. If I could get away with it, I wouldn't buy food or shoes either. Why should I have to?

Of shoes: we don't live in each others. Right and wrong can shift with circumstances. At the bottom of the social ladder, everyone above is wrong in some way. The higher up, the more power and privilege you have. Many actions are needed to topple the ladder and truly equalize the playing field. That phrase is apt, because it should be fun when we are free from immediate danger/oppression. More often than not this is the case.

Looting a store, growing a garden, burning down a ski resort, reading a book, handing out food, starting a community center, trashing a store, squatting a building, changing your mind... Helping hands are hands that take the time to clap every once and a while. Clap and laugh from the inspiration other's actions give us. Clap because you see the death, but choose to work for life in what ever way you can.



"Progress is just oppression. Technology is nothing new."

-Amebix



#### EAE - EUGENE ACTIVE EXISTENCE

Join us in a global convergence of activism that will change the world! Come to Eugene, Oregon for a 9 week gathering of Coalition-Building, Mutual-Aid and Direct Action.

(The following tentative schedule is based on weekly organizing meetings which began in early January.)

#### CALENDAR OF EVENTS: (April 20th - June 18th)

APRIL 20-24 FOREST ACTION CAMP: Celebrating the two-year anniversary of the successful defense of the ancient forests of the Fall creek tressits. Also known as Red Cloud Thunder, we will be sharing: Survival skills, Plant ID, leave no trace camping, wildcrafting, and Direct Action forest activism.

APRIL 24 MUMBA+POLITICAL PRISONERS: Annual rally and march to support Mumna Abu-Jamal and all political prisoners. This will kick-off our Convergence week and will announce the upcoming events. We will also recap the past year's events in Eugene and the Northwest.

APRIL 24-30 CONVERGENCE: Direct-action workshops, info-sharing, and preparations for May 1st. Come and help get ready for May Day and Active Resistance.

MAY 1-INTERNATIONAL DAY OF ACTION: Join in a world-wide general strike and demonstration against the International Monetary Fund / World Bank. It will be yet another Carnival Against Capital, Eugene style. It is also the first day of logging season, and let's not forget about Belane.

MAY 2-7 ACTIVE RESISTANCE: A one week intensive of workshops, planning sessions, and direct-action, similar to previous AR events. We will live, work, eat, and play together. It will set the groundwork for the rest of the Spring gathering.

MAY 8-14 MODELS FOR REVOLUTION-OUR RADICAL HERITAGE: Speakers from throughout the world will tell their stories, as well as teach us about our ancestry's radical past.

MAY 15-21: CITY TO GARDENS: To be self-sustaining in the face of corporate control means we need to learn to grow our own food as well as liberate the land from its concrete. We will also focus on other self-sustaining necessities for a pre- and post-industrial collapse.

MAY 19-21 ECD IN PORTLAND: 2 hours north of Eugene, we will attend the Third annual End Corporate Dominance conference in Portland.

MAY 22-28 BODY POLITICS: We will develop our effectiveness through the sharing and planning of specific strategies, tactics and educational efforts.

MAY 29- JUNE 4 GENETIC ENGINEERING, ANIMAL LIBERATION AND BIODIVERSITY: For this week we are having an open forum for activists from outside the Eugene area. We will focus on the most vital issues threatening the Natural World.

JUNE 5-11 FOREST CONFERENCE / FOREST ACTION CAMP: The Threatened Forests of the Pacific Northwest will host the latest in forest activism.

JUNE 12-18 GLOBALIZATION: It all seems to come back to the globalization of capital and power. We finish off the gathering with a week dedicated to this subject, and send everyone off into the world to create the necessary alternatives.

JUNE 14-17 PUNKFEST IN EUGENE: Chaos Days '00, Panx General Assembly, <chaosdays@zinet.com> 303-285-3480 x8899

JUNE 18 REVISITED: THE HISTORIC RE-ENACTMENT: Enough said!

EVENTS PROJECTS AND WORKSHOPS THAT ARE IN THE PLANNING STAGES. (Please email us to find out contact info for each item on this list, or Email us to add something new to this list)

BEHAVIOR AND THE MIND, ALTERNATIVE SEXUALITY, DIV. POWER AND GENDER DYNAMICS, PSYCHEDELICS, COOPERATION, COMMUNICATION, SORCERY, WITCHCRAFT, MAGIC, INVOLVING LIBERALS, ANTI-FASCISM, POETRY INSURGENCE, RACIAL PRIVILEGE AND RACISM, MEDITATION, MEDIA SKILL SHARING, VIDEO, PROMOTIONS, FUNDRAISING, PUPPET CONVERGENCE, CRITICAL MASS, FOREST ACTIVISM, INFO-HISTORY, STRATEGY, TACTICS, ILLUMINATION, NON-VIOLENCE TRAINING, COUNTERING THE CORPS SUB-LETHAL WEAPONRY, MARCHING BAND, IMF+WORLD BANK, MUMBA, MARTIAL ARTS, YOGA, ANIMAL ACTIVISM, FREE RADIO, THE BODY, JUGGLING, PHYSICAL HEALTHFIRST AID, ANIMAL RIGHTS DRUMMING, PSYCHOLOGICAL HEALTH, FOOD NOT BOMBS, GARDENING, BIODIVERSITY, HOUSING AND HABITAT, MEETING SPACES, SECURITY, ESTABLISHING AN UNDERGROUND, SQUATS RESTORATION, MAYAN CALENDAR, POLITICAL PRISONERS, GENTRIFICATION, WILDCRAFTING, FOREST RESTORATION, TOLERANCE AND COMPASSION...



Meetings: Mondays @ 4pm

in Grower's market

454 willamete St.





The traveler's eyes widened in shock.

"There is somewhere else, over there?" He pointed at the falling sun. The traveler did not look at his outstretched hand, only at the figs hanging from the trees.

"Ah,, food," the traveler whispered, took a step forward. He stepped toward the traveler, blocking the way.

"Their taste is bad. From where-" he stopped when the traveler raised arms and looked to the sky.

"What do you say?" the traveler raised a hoarse whisper to a mangled shout. "Here is everything. I see it. There," the traveler pointed at the flat line where sky met earth. "There is nothing."

"Nothing," he said, but did not ask.



TAKE ORDERS  
LEFT TO RIGHT -  
CLOCKWISE

SERVER ⑤

② ③ ④ ⑤

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥

① ② ③ ④ ⑤

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧



in issue #7 I asked for responses to the questions: Was June 18 worth the arrests and 7+ years of Robert Thaxton's life? Rob was the only one to respond.

### THE RECLAIM THE STREETS FESTIVAL 6/18/99

Most of you may not realize this, but the RTS fest was a huge, worldwide day of action and rebellion. Think WTO x 50, as most of the major cities of Europe were shut down when thousands of people danced in the streets, attacked banks(including offices of the IMF and World Bank) and shut down stock exchanges. And that day of action energized and inspired actions that continue to grow in scope and effect. In Europe, the continued monopoly over life that capitalism currently enjoys is no longer a forgone conclusion; it's seriously being challenged. An entirely new opposition movement is growing out of this experience, as the participants are hungry for more of the same and those who missed out are desperate to have a taste of their own freedom and power as well.

Was it worth the arrests?

Personally, I make choices everyday that have potential legal consequences--if I get caught. Mostly, I don't get caught. It just so happens that one of my most serious transgressions against the peace and dignity of the state of Oregon resulted in my arrest. Who am I to say if I would or would not be in prison today if I had not thrown that rock[at a cop-ed.]? I could have been sent down for a multitude of reasons in the years before or the years after 6/18/99 for reasons both related or not to my personal fight against capitalism and the State/Authority. I'm no coward. I've known for years that I'd likely go to prison at some time due to revolting behavior and I accepted that as a legitimate part of my life.

This hardly means that I'm content with my circumstances. Indeed, I'll continue to fight for my freedom until the day I die. I only feel slightly more oppressed in OSP[Oregon State Prison] than I did when I was a proletarian. Due to the circumstances of my life immediately prior to my visit to Eugene, I am freer in mind and spirit than just about anyone out there, even while I'm in prison. I've come closer to enacting my personal vision of a liberated existence in the last 5 years than I thought possible 10 years ago. When I get out, I'll have even more options available for me to continue to build my revolutionary existence. I doubt that many people reading this are as enthusiastic about their futures as I am. And, just to clarify things a bit, if all I had to look forward to when I get out was a steady income and a nice house in a city, I'd end my miserable life now. That's not what keeps me going.





As I wrote in a letter earlier tonight, if Judge Bearden intended to silence me when she sent me away for 38 months, she failed miserably. How many of you reading this have ever read anything else I've written, on the internet, in the pages of Anarchy, or any of the dozen or so other zines that have printed things I wrote? More people are reading my rantings than ever before. My arrest and incarceration has elevated my visibility in the anarchist and alternative media to a degree that would otherwise be unobtainable by a forest-dwelling, impoverished vagabond such as myself.

I also would like to add that, if given the choice, I'd gladly go back to woodland anonymity. But, we have to play with the cards we're dealt, don't we? I call and raise....

Bearden clearly wanted to make an example of me. I'll be an example, alright! I intend to be an example of how to fight like hell, no matter what your circumstances, no matter what obstacles confront you, until you've won! I hope many of you will join me in this struggle.

Finally, to toot my own horn, thousands of people were arrested for participating in RTS events worldwide. So far, by far, I've had the harshest punishment for defiant behavior of anyone else who went to jail that day. So, it's a matter of great pride for me to claim, that on a day when people around the world rose up in defiance of POWER over people by authority and capital, I was the most revolting person on earth. Love and Anarchy, Rob Los Ricos

To get copies of Rob's writings (two zines for a buck) write:

Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous

Po Box 11331

Eugene, OR 97440

Write Rob at: Robert Thaxton #12112716

2605 State St.

Salem, OR 97310 (gotta love that address)



At the edge of the oasis where the mottled shade of the trees met the glaring sun reflected off the white sand, he stood, staring. Unbroken white-blue haze horizon, like the curve of the earth had been pounded flat and it was nothing but sand until the edge. Imagining a sandfall off the edge of the earth, he stood staring. Dead expanse of sand as if the ocean had evaporated, taking all living things with it. Winds blew it flat, wounded, flat. Over and over. A repetition that time could not touch. Staring, imagining. His thoughts bleak, like the desert, shifts of boring sand.

Behind him the growing green impossibility. Myriad plants, trees, leathery grasses. Fed by a lone spring, cool. Enough to eat and drink. Tangled mass of life in a dead place. Beautiful, but he stared into the desert.

Nothing moved but heat shimmers, deceptively liquid as they rose into the air, and a faraway speck of animal. He stared at the speck, barely able to discern its movement. Crazy with curiosity, impatience. Alone here, and something coming. Forced himself to look everywhere but at the speck. Head turning like a minute hand--staring here, there. Trying to force himself not to look as the speck of life grew larger. Like the minute hand would always complete the clock's circle, he was drawn to the approaching figure as if it were the number twelve. Another human.

Gurgle of the spring only enhancing the silence--an exception proving the rule. In his head, though, crashed the thoughts in a cacophony of hope. Somewhere beyond Here. Away from the rules of sleep, drink, eat, stare. Place beyond an ocean of sand, comforted nothingness. Prison oasis where he had everything for life, and was oppressed with living it.

He raised an arm in greeting but did not smile. The figure raised an arm in return. An empty hand, but still bringing the hope of something else. Bringing it to him because he deserved it. This something else. Staring, he stood and waited.

Dehydrated, burned, weary--the figure approached with methodical steps. Staring at the feet as if his eyes controlled their movement. Step, step, step. At last arrived and looked up, smiled, but not at him. At the lovely green,

He did not smile, only stared.

"Hhheeach," whispered the traveler. "Sorry. Thirsty. Greetings" found a voice, coarse whisper. Held a canteen upside down--sand poured to the ground.

"From where have you come?" he asked. Eyes flicked to the horizon and back. Looking beyond him at the impossible green. "Water?" the traveler asked.

"What," he answered, impatient, wanting to know of another place, another way. "Oh, yes, but it is not sweet."





Survival in Auschwitz: Primo Levi--First memoir by Jewish Italian writer/chemist. Well written, the book takes you into the Buna, a work camp in the Auschwitz area, and the realities that exist there.

The Reawakening: Primo Levi--Second memoir from Levi tells of leaving Buna after the Nazis abandon it as the Russians move in, and his subsequent travails as he waits to be repatriated back to Italy. The people he meets, the experiences he has, and the long road home through the Russian countryside makes for an engaging read.

From A Native Son: Ward Churchill-- Anthology of his writings from 1985-95. He has an incisive and biting wit as he deconstructs "plastic medicine men", "white studies", Robert Bly, films, books, and the U.S. government. On indigenism, he offers compelling arguments for the return of unceded Indian lands.

Strange Fruit: Lillian Smith--1944 novel both banned and celebrated, about a town in Georgia in the 1920's. The cover says "illicit love affair" between a black woman and a white man, but that is false and obviously a marketing ploy to titillate. The story itself, while it took me awhile to get into the rhythms of the writing, is great as it touches on so many issues that surround our lives. Much more important things to say than Richard Wright's Native Son.

Native Speaker by Chang-Rae Lee: Local(university) first, much acclaimed, book. A good novel, esp. when he is relating growing up the son of Korean immigrants. Less successful when dealing with the relationship between the main character and the woman he is wed to. Held my interest, and the job of the main character is a great way to frame a story.

**WE WILL CUT YOUR  
VOCAL CORDS!**

So you can sound like these bands-

**SOUNDTRACK #8:** Anti-product(get their new LP), Depressor, Catharsis, Citizen Fish, Radical Noise, Acyls, ABC Diablo, Logical Nonsense, Phobia.

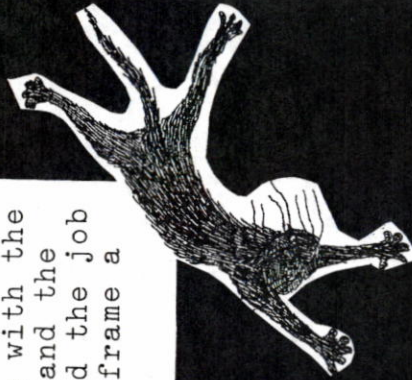
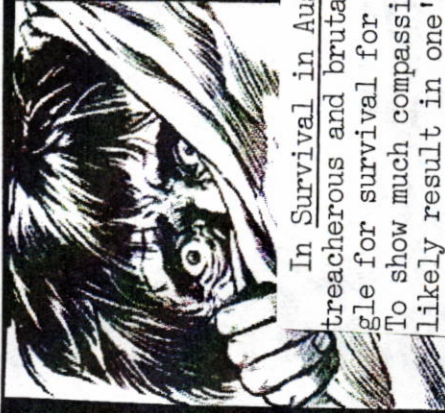
# HUMAN NATURE?

In Survival in Auschwitz, Primo Levi writes of the often treacherous and brutal "conduct of the human animal in the struggle for survival for life," in the "experiment" that is the camp. To show much compassion for, and to help, others, would most likely result in one's own demise. Despite the realities of human nature within the camp, Primo Levi writes: "We do not believe in the most obvious and facile deduction: that man is fundamentally brutal, egoistic, and stupid in his conduct once every civilized institution is taken away...." This is an extraordinary statement for anyone to make; more so considering it comes from a survivor of Auschwitz. That human beings so debased and pushed to the very limit of survival by work, hunger, and beatings would do anything to survive is not a surprise. What is surprising is Levi's belief that human nature is not "brutal, egoistic, and stupid."

Most people do believe in this view of human nature that Levi is opposed to. This belief forms the basis of our supposed need of government and institutionlaized religion, and the policing powers they engage in--militarily or spiritually. We are constantly reminded that, without laws, controls, and punishments--the fundamentals of civilization--we will lapse into anarchy. We are to see that as a catastrophe, given our brutish and treacherous nature.

Looking back at history, however, it can be seen that it is Civilization itself which is brutal, murderous, destructive, egoistic, and stupid. It is not the lack of "civilized institutions, but their preponderance which is at odds with true human nature. As Fredy Perlman shows in Against His-story, Against Leviathan, the imposition of authoritative civilization has consistently meant the elimination of freedom for the people imposed upon--from Sumer to the Euroamerican's acts of genocide against the people of this land. For them, "civilization" meant disease, relocation, and death. It continues today with economic systems based on resource extraction and exploitation of human labor; repressive and hierarchical social organization; the list of the detrimental effects of civilization stretch endlessly like a paved road over the corpses of people, animals, and nature.

Indeed, the Lager in which Primo Levi was forced into could be seen as the most logical extension of civilization when viewed through the lens of history.





For many of us who likewise "do not believe in the most obvious and facile deduction", anarchy is the best hope for achieving a free, sustainable, and cooperative society. Freed from the coercive constraints of hierarchy, oppression/exploitation, and submission, we could begin to fulfill our basic needs and wants through cooperative association. We could find out what our "nature" is. In other words, humans have adopted the nature of the authoritative, competitive systems of governance and economics we live under. For our "nature" to change, we must eliminate those forces which have debased it.



The world is in Satan's grip!  
(Rev 13.3, 4)



## BOOKS



Barred: Women, Writing, And Political Detention: by Barbara Harlow--Overly academic(big-big words, complicated sentence structure/interpretation), but good info/explanations/challenges nonetheless. Pointed me to many prison memoirs/stories from many countries, Kenya, Palestine, Ireland, Latin America.

Death of a Much-traveled Woman: by Barbara Wilson--Funny, short mystery stories around Cassandra Reilly, traveling, lesbian translator. Satire on writing, relationships, and feminist infighting without being mean.

I, Pierre Seel, Deported Homosexual: Pierre Seel--From Alsace, Seel was deported to a Nazi camp, sent home, then drafted into the German army and sent to fight on the Russian front, among other experiences he recounts here. After thirty years of silence, he decided to speak out about his own experience in the cause of having homosexuals recognized as victims of the Holocaust. Spare, and matter-of-fact account is important.

Auschwitz and After: Charlotte Delbo--Engagingly written memories from this French Resistance fighter who was in Auschwitz and other camps. Mixed with verse and short accounts of the lives of some of the women she was interned with. Painful telling of life in the camp.

Mona in the Promised Land: Gish Jen--1968 in upper-class NY suburb: convergence of class, race in this funny novel. Mona, the daughter of Chinese immigrants who "made it", converts to Judaism, much to her parents' dislike. Not political enough for the subject matter, and the times, and some of the characters I felt got off too easy for their shitty behavior.

The 'Good' War: Studs Terkel--oral history of various people's experience during WWII. I love oral histories, and there's not much else to say--the people in the book say it all.

"Your standards can't hold my weight."  
-Anti-product





is, nor some form of anarchist solution to it.

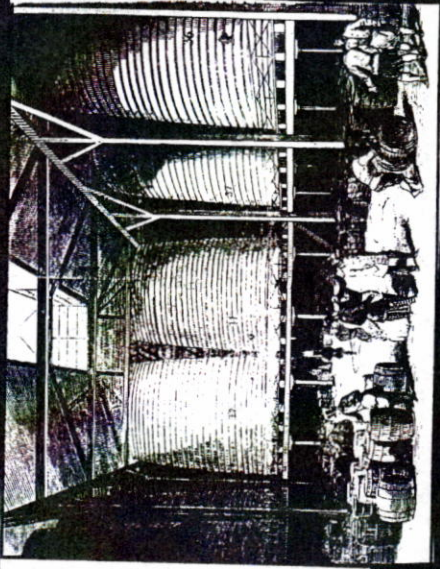
I don't like to write personal things. Like so many people I am more comfortable with the authoritative, scholarly type of essay. But unless things are real for us, experienced, then it is hard to understand. I wrote, some years ago, about chaos theory. My own simplification, that any action, large or small, has effect. How a small kindness to a stranger to open rebellion in the streets defies the current Order of Things. Multiply and help bring the Leviathan down. This idea, while I use different words here, has always inspired me no matter what depth of despair I find myself in. So think, act, talk: but always with a mind towards being free.

*Strange  
but  
True*

**They drowned  
in beer!**

"We drank a lot of beer."

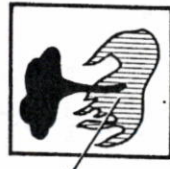
-Citizen Fish



THE LIST:



Americano estúpido (Spanish)  
Dumme Amerikaner (German)  
Stupid American (English)



FIRE AREA  
(Potential)



KEEP AWAY  
from CHILDREN

THE GOAL: To record how to say the phrase "Stupid American" in every language on earth. Can you help?



"You'd be pretty mad too, if what happened to cows, happened to you"

-Citizen Fish



24

## OFFICER ANDREWS

Standing back from the riotous crowd, Officer Andrews tried to find the perfect shot. Here, the angle was all wrong. There, the light diffused in an unsatisfactory manner. He backed up a step and knelt, catching the legs of the crowd in his lens as they churned about the street in a carnival of dancing, drumming, and defiance. The shot was beautiful; capturing the confused jumble of bodies filling the block as if that's all there was--a sea of flesh flooding the street.

Lost in the view his video camera afforded, Andrews hadn't notice Officer Stone come up behind him until the baton tapped his shoulder. Stone pointed at the heads in the crowd and then at the camera, all the while glaring at Andrews through the shield of the helmet Stone wore. Turning red, Officer Andrews stood up and went back to videotaping the visible faces in the crowd. Stepping onto a bench for a better vantage point, he scanned the demonstrators and wished the light wasn't so bright glaring off the office building windows.

Thousands of people were amassed in a one block section of downtown. Some held signs decrying capitalism, cops, and control. Others simply danced about freely where there should have been rush-hour traffic. The makeshift drums and shouts created a rhythmic cacophony. Even those just standing around smoking cigarettes tapped a foot or beat on their thighs with their palms and fingers. The sun dazzled like the chaos before him as Andrews kept the camera trained on those in the street. He didn't really know why all these people were out here, but it would make great film if only he could get the right angles. Why all these people were protesting was lost on Andrews. Wasn't this the freest country in the world? With the greatest wealth?

"You sound like a campaigning politician," he laughed at himself. Still, watching the crowd, he felt that the why wasn't as important as the what--was happening, that is. He felt as he did when watching a movie that failed to explain its plot clearly, but still had many wonderful scenes unfold in visual splendor.

Chet Andrews had been on the force for only a few weeks. Already he had filmed a Critical Mass bike ride, an anti-Nazi parade, and two street demonstrations. His





rookie status and audio-visual background in high school made him the perfect choice for the department's videographer. Not a new tactic in the battle against crime, but an increasingly important one for the police as they were encountering more and more protests, unrest. Three people were already in jail directly because of Andrew's camera work and hours of tape review. In the past, they would have never been caught, the moment having been lost when they did the deed. Some of the immediacy of police work at these events had been replaced by the technology of recording. Andrews didn't mind the job, preferring pouring over the recordings to driving around in a cruiser. He just wished that he could edit the tapes a little. Maybe provide a more coherent storyline. The tapes he made were often of poor quality and uninteresting repetition; full of misplaced shots and minutes of tape showing nothing but the sidewalk. To really capture the moments, they had to be chosen and edited. Andrews hated to think that he was nothing but a security camera like the ones in department stores: recording everything without passion. Select scenes of high drama were often released to the media, but never the whole which told the entire story.

Andrews lowered his camera and adjusted the clunky police belt that never seemed to fit comfortably on his hips. Glancing up and around, he wished he could get up on top of the office buildings which populated downtown like stone-and-glass monoliths. The height would afford a wonderful bird's-eye view of the streets laid out like children's train tracks and give a sense of the number of people in them. He would be too far away for identification purposes though. Officer Stone was again glaring at him, so Andrews raised the camera to his eye once again and resumed filming.

Officer Blackeye, one of the senior guys on the force, sidled up to Andrews and pointed at a group of topless wimmin done up in silver and gold body paint. Leering, Blackeye pushed the camera in their direction, holding his baton upright between his legs. Andrews blushed and jerked the camera away from Blackeye. Some demonstrators dressed all in black with gas masks on their heads were edging

Let's go, son.



in the righteousness of their causes. I'm caught up in thinking through all the ifs, ands, and buts of other people's realities, even as I can see their deleterious effects. What is wrong is very easy to identify, but people's participation in it isn't always so easy to condemn, or further, to attack them for. I know car driving is wasteful, dangerous, and destructive, but many people drive for some good reasons. I drive to go someplace out of town. Who do I attack? The car companies! Well, that was an easy one. I vacillate on the razor's edge of cynic/optimist, misanthropy/compassion. Does anyone else think about these things?

I cheer the Earth Liberation Front; condemn the police. I should be joining the former; disrupting the latter. I do little but swim along the current of life, occasionally fighting the flow. Looking backwards for something to grab onto in order to pull myself out of this strangely swift-moving mire. I get a hand-hold and see the paths: acquiesce, act against Power, build alternatives. Head out to join the underground or go work in the Grassroots Garden? I do neither. Sit at home after work reading, writing, drinking. Travel, love my partner and cat companions. Gardening, watching. Staring at the wall.

It's easier being with somebody you love. Knowing that you can relate to someone.

Try to relate to others well because of anarchist convictions. Often failing because those same convictions won't allow me to get along with people who do fucked-up things.

There are certainly no shortages of reasons to act: exploitative states/corporations, environmental destruction, daily racist and sexist manifestations of the Ruling Order; people homeless, dying, starving for food and love. A thousand omnipresent oppressions and humiliations. Having no solutions defers action. Perhaps it should not.

I'll never be the one who torches the factory or opens the animal's cage--no, I shouldn't say 'never'. I may well become one of those people. But what I am now is fine, too. It takes all sorts. I think we can switch paths: acquiescing here, tearing it down there, building it up over there. Mosttimes I think that the most important thing we can do is to relate to people in an anarchist manner. To act without relying on coercion and power as we go about our daily lives. To refuse power when we have the chance to wield it--or rather, it has the chance to manipulate us. Living this way, in this world, is not easy. Nor is it a single way to act. It has no floor, no ceiling. Somewhere between theory, condemnations and practice lies the reality of everyday life. As simple as the golden rule and so difficult to live. I fail at this more often than not, but won't abandon the idea that I, we, must transform our relations with each other in order to change the horrible what is. Neither will I abandon my indignation at what



into a state?

So what is there if we try to understand all others and realize that no ideology or way of living is necessarily correct for all or even some? (I don't believe in anarchy as an ideology) I have no wish here to lose myself in the fog of post-modernism, with its lack of what TV pundits call "political will", to turn their phrase. There may be no rights, but there are certainly many wrongs to be found. An analysis or discussion of people's thoughts, actions, and feelings that is devoid of a radical political/personal evaluation of the systems we live under is worse than useless. It lowers itself to the level of self-help book fallacy. Blaming the trod upon for acting like sidewalks--being a "victim", as they put it. Oh, you just need to find your power and project thoughts of strength and you'll be fine. As if our reaction to what happens to us determines why it happened in the first place, or changes the fact that it might have been bad. I'm aware of the boot on my neck, but I'm quite happy lying here on the sidewalk, thank you! Ugh. I don't need post-modernism or this type of new age bullshit.

Yet, radical critiques, theories, and alternatives amount to little if people do not live them in their daily lives. If we do not feel, in some manner, that we are doing right. As we live in a statist and hierarchical world, any anarchist endeavor seems doomed to fail when faced with these prevalent Domination mentalities. Many people have read the self-help book that is our cultural indoctrination and accepted this current world as their only Lord and Saviour. After all, what alternatives are there? Human nature has to be controlled, you know.

I don't know. How can anyone claim to know what, exactly, human nature really is when almost no one has grown up free from hierarchical/dominating culture? What would human nature be like after generations of living in that utopia we all dream about? Are the ways we act and feel products of the systems we live under? Or are the systems products of the way we act and feel? If the latter, we are already doomed. A bullet in the brain sounds appealing if this is true.

I don't really believe that though. Human nature is currently undefinable. We haven't yet had the chance to prove that old bastard Hobbes wrong. Yet. Changing or destroying the systems of control so that we have a chance requires radically changing the way we feel and relate to each other. There's a paradox! How to get there?

I see people who don't seem to have the trouble I have with interacting with others. Their organizing, fighting, believing

"I don't want your progress. It tries to kill me!"

-Flux of Pink Indians



toward the entrance of a bank and Andrews moved the camera onto them. Blackeye noticed, as did several other officers, and inched closer to the crowd. The shields of their helmets were clicked down almost simultaneously over their own gas masks.

Across the sea of protestors were twenty more officers lined up behind their shields. Andrews momentarily swung the camera onto them to capture how striking the scene looked with this cavorting crowd in the foreground, and completely missed the smashing of glass. He quickly brought the camera around again in time to catch the backs of five figures in black running into the crowd as the sounds of tear-gas being launched replaced the noise of the drums. The crowd backed up almost like a school of fish changes direction, only to meet the cops at the other end of the block. The sun caught the streams of pepper spray in a prismatic reflection as the crowd poured into an alleyway, covering their mouths and noses with rags or shirts. Andrews hung back a bit behind the advancing cops and filmed some more people smashing out the windows of a data research place. A tear-gas canister came flying back from the depths of the retreating crowd and landed at his feet. Cursing his refusal of a gas mask--it interfered with the camera--, Andrews kicked the canister away, eyes watering. Bringing the camera back up to his eye, he panned the crowd and found some guy with a video camera filming the cops. The guy was knocked down by a cop and Andrews went back to scanning the crowd.

More than duty, the drama of the scene kept Andrews there even as his throat and eyes burned from the gas and pepper spray blowing in the wind. The light was bad as the sun had been covered by clouds again, but this gave the scene an eerie, somber look. Amidst the confused retreats and gas-masked figures throwing bottles at the cops, Andrews filmed a weeping woman shouting, "No violence! Nonviolence!" Behind her, a middle-aged guy with glasses and a beard was puking on the sidewalk. Another explosion of tear-gas directly above him covered him again. He ran, still throwing-up all over himself. The shouting woman was gone, and Andrews realized that he had been looking for cinematic shots and not for crimes.

Andrews tried to find likely law-breakers in the chaotic crowd, but found his camera pointing at another cop. The officer was standing over a kid, who was paying





on the ground, with baton raised in the air. Though he couldn't hear it, the thud of the blow when the cop struck the kid's head made Andrews shudder. From training, he knew he should move the camera away from other officers and focus on the demonstrators, but he couldn't. As the blows rained down, the look of terror and pain on the kid's face riveted Andrews. It was like some transcendent moment in a movie. What the moment said didn't interest Andrews as much as its unfolding. He was filming it: a beautiful shot. Reluctantly, guiltily, he moved the camera away and focused on the mopping up.

The demonstration was over, and soon he'd have to start reviewing the tapes with someone from the DA's office. He stopped filming, the moment past, and looked up at the downtown theater's marquee. Third Man was playing. There was some great camera work in that film. Remembering his favorite scenes, Andrews went over to the bank. He was filming the damage when Officer Stone approached him.

"Andrews. How many times do I got to tell you? Keep the fucking camera on the crowd!"

"Right," replied Andrews, lowering the camera, his finger still on the 'record' button.

"Then get it through your skull," Stone said gruffly, surveying the broken window.

"Well," Andrews hesitated, then decided to drop his guard. They were on the same team; he should be able to talk to Stone. "The scene was just so amazing. Didn't you feel it? I mean, all those people, the cops lined up and moving--"

The sound of breaking glass made Andrews startle and stop talking. Stone had forced his baton through what remained of the bank's window.

"This isn't a fucking movie, Andrews. Those people were breaking the law. 'The cops'," here Stone mockingly quoted Andrews, "are supposed to stop them."

Stone now spoke directly to Andrew's face, while Andrews studied the fragments at his feet.

"Are you a policeman?" Stone asked, waited.

Ashamed of his hesitation, Andrews rushed out a near inaudible "Yes."

"Yes," Stone said loudly. "Then keep the fucking camera on those fucking assholes. Not on us, not on the clouds. On them. Got it?"

"Yes, sir. Loud and clear!" Andrews rattled off too loudly to compensate for his previous weakness.



The social person, I'm not. I can hardly even talk straight sometimes. Shyness, insecurity, etc.--whatever handy phrase used, the end result is nearly chosen isolation. I'm not talking about daily interactions one is forced into, like work, but participation in the cultures of resistance. I've got a questioning and cynical mind, as well as a lack of trust in others. I'd rather read a book than attend a meeting. Write a story than hoist some sign at whatever rally. Do nothing than deal with some of the shit I see at punk shows. Cry at home over all that is vile and oppressive in this world. That wonderful human race! Curse it.

Please don't mistake me. I'm also too trusting and giddy with optimism, especially after events like in Seattle late last year. I have great compassion and hope for people. It would be far too easy to slide into misanthropy, being aware of the capacities people have for committing harmful acts; and knowing that those who resist the Current Order are not untouched by some of the things they fight against. Having a hate for other people--humanity itself--justifies taking no actions that would help others. Actions I wish to take. A misanthrope without a large ego or amount of ignorance, must also despise him or her self, being human. It would be lunacy to believe that, while everyone else is fucked-up to some degree or another, that I'm somehow all right. Not misanthropic but perhaps I'm like those smug Christians who claim to hate the sin but love the sinner (you're still gonna burn in hell). I deplore what many people do and think, but still empathize with some of them (we're all going to burn as we kill the planet). I want us all to live a life free from hierarchies, coercion, and want; free to live, not just survive and die.

Perhaps it is empathy and not misanthropy that blocks my full participation in the resistance. I can't ever truly bring myself to believe that I'm right. You know? Empathy brings about the end of ideologies. The sheer magnitude of ways that people live their lives precludes there being any "right" way to live; just as the vast numbers of religions and denominations within them dispel the notion that any spiritual path is solely blessed with righteousness. An anarchist solution to society's problems seems obvious to me, but would it work for everyone? Which brand? Ah, the nice thing about anarchy is that you get to invent it as you go, as long as you don't infringe on or hurt others. The solution is easy to understand: societies based on free association, mutual-aid, and self-determination. Almost as easy as No Masters, No Servants. What is complex is trying to live it, and localize it towards the problems each society or group faces. And if people want to self-determine themselves



Three people were dead; twenty-eight arrested. More arrests could have been made, the police video had disappeared along with the department's videographer. Three cops were suspended with pay, and the investigation continued. These suspensions were directly the result of public pressure created by the release to the news media of several scenes from the day's event, which had come from the missing tape. A warrant was out for the arrest of Officer Chet Andrews.

Under pressure from the DA, few of the local stations were willing to show the video. They seemed to agree with the prosecutor that the demonstration was violent and out of hand. The police were undoubtedly justified. They had been losing, although these words were not used, and their response was justified.

The near complete footage--faces and some scenes edited out to avoid identification--was shown on a local cable access show. The height and angle were perfectly set to capture the scene. The initial police onslaught was clearly unprovoked and captured on film with a flair for important detail. The counter-attack seemed choreographed, the decision to fight back happening so swiftly and simultaneously. One could almost hear the orchestra accompanying the scenes with raucous music. It couldn't have been staged better. The reality of deadly violence exploded across the screen like a fatal wake-up call, as the police fired into the crowd. It was like a transcendent moment in a movie.

Andrews knew now what that moment said and it was anything but beautiful. He knew what was meant by the term Police Force. Sickened, a fugitive, he knew that Stone had been correct when he said that this wasn't a fucking movie. This was reality and it could not be duplicated. Life recreated is a dead thing, like a mirror that reflects, perhaps, but never real, breathing, dying.

Movies were dead things, and life was to be lived. Nobody saw Officer Andrews again. At least on the wrong side of the struggle.

"All right then, Rob Reiner, finish this up and get your ass back and review those tapes." Stone stomped off and Andrews let his finger off the record button. Rob Reiner! There was an insult-

Andrews looked up at the back of the departing officer and realized that it had been Stone who was beating the kid. Reviewing it in the camera, Andrews could see that the kid wasn't more than fourteen years old. The repetition of the act being played back to him now chilled him as it had not done when he'd filmed it. A voice from earlier in the day came floating back to him. Voices, not just one, vowing to get those anarchist bastards. Other threats, promises. Macho talk to fire each other up. And why not? The anarchists had made fools of the cops a couple times already. Sure, some of them were in jail, but they had made the cops look bad.

Still, thinking of that baton whirring down, Andrews decided he better watch his step. Flutters of worry flapping about his conscience: I should have moved the camera sooner. Yet, why should he worry? He was a cop. Just happened to film Stone beating the shit out of a kid. No big deal. Perhaps it would be better to keep that part away from the DA, though. No sense anybody getting the wrong idea about his motivations. These thoughts barely obscuring the low rumble of doubt: was Stone's action justified? He didn't see what happened before hand. Maybe the kid attacked Stone. Then it would be all right. Why even think about it?

Andrews began studiously filming the area, avoided the answer. Behind the camera, he wasn't there. Not a participant. Just an extension of the camera, a tool.

Six hours of review, but they made an ID and an arrest was imminent. Andrews and a guy from the prosecutor's office had holed up in the basement of city hall where the equipment was crammed into an office. Little more than a closet, but Andrews felt comfortable there. Some of the images he had captured on tape were brilliant. Some guy in a ski mask holding aloft a flaming US flag while the two-dimensional representation of Old Glory on the American Bank sign stood above and behind him. A woman choking on tear-gas while another woman beside her was preparing to lob a canister back at the police. Beautiful, if only Andrews could cut out the scenes of his feet; or Blackeye pushing the camera towards the topless wimmin. Still, the video was good. Not a lot of character development, and it



would have to be tied to a larger storyline-- maybe a love affair between a cop and anarchy-punk who loved him? Andrews was sure that he could play that role.

Really, this demo could be the climax of the story--

"Um, hey, the bank?" the DA guy was talking, looking at Andrews with concern.

"Oh, yeah? Sorry. What about it?" Andrews replied, coming out of his daydream.

"Roll it again."

They went through the smashing of glass and initial police foray again. When they got to the part where Stone was beating the kid, Andrews paused the tape. He told himself that he wasn't going to do this, but the guy hadn't noticed the first two times through. Andrews didn't want to say anything, but he was hoping the DA guy would notice. At least explain it away.

"Why you stopping?" Costello asked.

"No reason," Andrews answered.

"Fast forward." Andrews complied.

As Andrews was walking home that evening, he took a detour through the site of the day's events. The downtown was empty as usual, and the boarded-up windows and light drizzle gave the plaza a desolate air. The plaza was a wide-open, brick-laden square just off Main street. There used to be a fountain where the street now was, but it had been torn down years ago. It hadn't worked for ten years and, rather than fix it, the mayor then made a big production of taking it out. The local paper had her on the cover awkwardly holding onto a jackhammer--a symbolic gesture that was the reversal of the standard golden shovel show. Opening the road back through the pedestrian mall was supposed to revitalize businesses downtown and drive away the street kids.

Some of those kids were down here now. Talking, laughing, and smoking cigarettes. They were like the locals who were hired on as extras to give the scene a shot of local color. Their presence only seemed to sharpen the emptiness of the surrounding block for Andrews, though. A cruiser rolled past, the street lights illuminating the rain drops on the windows, obscuring the face inside. Andrews suddenly felt guilty, like he shouldn't be here. The kids paid no attention to the cop car--it would probably come back around in ten minutes anyway.



most severely affected of the demonstrators left to fight off the effects of the gas and spray. The rest fought on. One, two more steps and the entire plaza would be theirs again. Andrews filmed the battle with an eye for the dramatic: focusing on a particular fight here and there then sweeping the entire scene. He froze the camera on Stone, who had lost his shield and helmet and was being forced down the steps by a dreadlocked woman and some guy in a suit. Andrews lept up on to a planter for a better vantage point and swept the scene again. Watching this, he suddenly realized that he had been rooting for the crowd. Filming this for the police department, but siding with the protestors. You always root for the underdog in the movies, he thought, trying to explain away the contradiction.

Sheriff personell and state cops were arriving. The call had not yet gone out for the national guard, but if things kept up like this.... The police were losing, faced with a cornered crowd. had nothing to lose. More cops began surrounding the area, which was closed off for blocks. The tear-gas cloud was thick; the sound of the battle strangely quiet with the sirens heard over everything. Except a gunshot. Or was it just another concussion grenade? Paniced, the crowd began to ease back from engaging the police as more shots rang out, rapidly. Several demonstrators fell. Their blood hit the concrete as the police back-up moved in, batons raining down and up, like pistons in an engine. The crowd scattered, afraid, their victory being overturned by bullets.

Andrews zoomed in, ignoring the hundreds who were fleeing, on Blackeye who was beating a masked demonstrator who had just been shot. There was no beauty in this shot. No great meaning lent to it by the act of filming. Nothing except crass force, the brutality of revenge.

Andrews jumped off the planter and ran, then, as fast as he could, with the camera in his hand. He slammed into Blackeye and knocked him to the ground. Blackeye sprang to his feet immediately and lashed out with his baton. Andrews dodged the blow and stood facing Officer Blackell. Around them was nothing but cops, and the bodies of three people. Most of the crowd had escaped, and the TV crews had been herded back two blocks. Andrews struggled to breath. The kid at his feet no longer struggled for anything. Blackeye stood across the body from Andrews, a glaring anger in his eyes.

The video camera in Andrew's right hand suddenly became heavy, as if the images it contained had gained mass. His uniform draped him like a dead thing. He backed away from the body, turned, and ran.

He was no longer a police officer.



wonderful climax to a movie, or possibly an opening scene. He could almost hear the score....

"It's time we eradicated the cop from our minds, and from our midst. It is time we killed the Cop-" The explosive thunder of a concussion grenade interrupted the speaker as the tear-gas was launched into the crowd. The police were moving in and Andrews threw his hands into the air, agitated.

"No, no! Not yet! It's not the right moment! You're ruining the scene!" he shouted, but was not heard over the booms. He continued waving his camera in the air and, with his other hand, tried to point the oncoming police back into position. They paid no heed to his direction and kept advancing. Andrews twirled around and saw the crowd trying to get off the square in front of city hall, but they were blocked by the approaching force and the building on the other side. It was all wrong! Andrews looked up at the sky in disgust and was knocked on his ass. He sat stunned and looked up to see Stone and Blackeye towering over him. They jerked him to his feet violently and indicated the fleeing crowd, pointing at the video camera. Andrews became afraid. He neglected his duty and now faced certain punishment. Maybe from the chief, but maybe from Stone and Blackeye. Andrews raised his camera and tried to concentrate on the bottled-in crowd trying to flee. Blackeye didn't have that nickname for no reason.

Into the crowd marched the police, shields held before them, batons held back threatening and then thrust forward. The crowd shrank back against the building and realized that they had nowhere to go. An unnatural fog, almost solid-looking in the sun, the tear-gas obscured vision. Some of the crowd escaped into city hall, but the doors were too narrow to permit a rapid escape for most. Almost as if on cue, the majority of the crowd began pushing back at the police line. Fighting off the gas, spray and batons, they met the cops head on. Chaos. Andrews could hardly look through the camera, the scene reduced to a television show on a handheld TV. It wasn't big enough to contain the reality.

The police were being pushed back by the crowd. Two-dozen people in gas masks led the counter-offensive, grabbing the thrusting batons and pulling the cops into their midst. Tug-of-wars with shields next to a cop going down. Andrews filmed, not knowing if he was supposed to keep doing that or rush into help. It was an amazing scene; one that saved the action from the previous mistake. Andrews almost felt giddy realizing that he was filming it.

The demonstrators had pushed the cops back to the steps of the square. They had created avenues of escape, but only the

Andrews felt cold and wondered if it was the same cold these kids felt. They stood around out here in the rain without coats, but he wondered what they felt inside. He could recognize a couple of them that he had filmed at the demonstration. A spectacle always attractive. The street kids hated the cops, this he knew. If he were to walk up to them and say, "Hi, I'm a cop." he'd probably be met with ridicule, curses, or flight.

Public service was a concept that Andrews had taken to heart. He had wanted to help--and that's how he thought of it, a vague but noble wish to lend a hand to others. All he was doing, though, was taking pictures. Capturing life as it unfolded on his lens. He liked that aspect of the job, but what help was it to these kids, with their dirty, baggy pants and devil-may-care attitude? What could he do, as a cop, but ticket them for loitering, littering? Film their faces? A cigarette to the lips of one standing out in the rain didn't tell much of a story.

That girl over there on the bench, he had seen her yesterday. Officer Wharton had busted her for prostitution. She was fifteen and caught soliciting in a neighborhood near downtown. What help had Wharton given her? Nothing but a stern looking face, pointless paternal warnings about the dangers of prostitution and a ride to Juvi. Shelter and food, sure, if a kid jail could be called that. For a night. Here she was, out again in the rain, knees pulled up to her chest, worse off than before. Not wearing enough clothes to keep warm and probably cursing the cop who had just drove by.

The kids were nervously glancing up at Andrews for he had lingered for a suspicious amount of time. Lost in thought, he leaned up against the door of a deli and remembered that kid's face. Transcendent shit. That baton coming down and striking was nothing but cold reality. He should have stopped it, helped that kid. But...Melancholy and shame prompt pointless musings. What was he to do? Andrews wondered if it was a weakness of his own that led his thoughts this way.

You always think too much, his dad used to say. Get out there and do, all there is to it.

Except that Chet would rather sit and watch. Old movies on television every night. Stories, plots and characters were almost incidental to Chet. They were important only for providing the impetus to create the scenes to be filmed. Chet couldn't stand TV shows because there was no art to them. Compared to movies, they were mindless entertainment; a child's doodle compared to a Rembrandt. By the time he was sixteen and had a car, TV





re-runs of movies and rented videos weren't enough and he was driving up to the larger city to the north of his own small town. Several nights a week, he'd take off from basketball or baseball practice to see movies. He would have skipped sports altogether but his father practically forced him to participate. The summers were the best. He'd go up in the early afternoon and watch three movies in a row. He once went all the way to San Francisco to catch a film festival, telling his dad that he was going to a basketball camp. Three days of confused wandering about the city and so many great films that he couldn't see them all. Each movie, good or bad, showing him what he could do with a camera. Film school was where he wanted to go.

Self-isolated by his love of movies, social interactions were difficult in high school. The only exceptions were the guys on the basketball team. Those trips around the state to play other schools were the only good times Chet had had outside of a darkened theater. Teammates became friend, and the five starters, sitting in a motel room in Pendleton, all promised that they would become cops. This seemed a better dream than film school to Chet. This camaraderie he felt would extend into the police force. He'd be a part of something worthwhile. His father, one of those stalwarts of community building (Chamber of Commerce, Elks, volunteer fire brigade), would be proud of him for choosing to serve the community. So he had made the promise with his friends.

Three went to college, one dropped out and got a job in the mill, and here was Officer Andrews out of uniform, wondering where they all were. And if he had made the right choice.

A lonely, only child growing up, Andrews had looked forward to that famed brotherhood of the police force. So much more meaningful than teammates--you had to trust each other with your own lives (or so it was always in the movies). His first day had been a shock, like icy water poured on a sleeping child. He had expected friendly chiding about his greenhorn status, but not the reality of hard, measuring stares and casual dismissal. Mean-spirited put-downs followed by "just kidding", spoken in a voice that held no mirth. These cops were cynical and cliquish and certainly didn't welcome him with open arms. Maybe Andrews was just too sensitive; didn't have what it took. He was relieved to get the videographer job. It meant working by himself, away from the attitudes of the others. It also felt a bit like making a movie, although one over which he had no control.

Andrews was thinking too much and decided to continue on home. What's done is done, he thought. He passed by the girl

on the bench, but didn't look at her.

A call for a general strike had been put out by a local anarchist group and Andrews was on hand to film the demonstration at city hall. By ten-thirty, about four hundred people were gathered. The demo was to start at eleven, so people were still arriving. Apparently the workers of the city didn't feel the need to stop working, but there were enough people there to worry the police.

Andrews caught Jones in his lens, though he could hardly recognize him. They had been hired at almost the same time and was the closest thing to a friend in the department that he had. Jones was doing undercover work and was dressed in a black trenchcoat, had glasses and a goatee. He looked like a cop who was slumming, thought Andrews, smiling. Scanning the crowd, he lingered on masked individuals, recording their clothes and zeroing in on their eyes or whatever hair was visible. The drumming had started and a portable microphone was being carried into the midst of the crowd. With cops in riot gear and TV crews around him, Andrews kept recording.

"Greeting," came a voice through static, quieting but not silencing the drumming. "Beautiful day," continued the speaker. Andrews found him in the crowd. A short guy dressed in black with a gas-mask propped up on his head. His face was partially obscured by the microphone.

"How long are we going to accept the inequality of the current order before we topple it?" Yells from some of the crowd. "Refuse to participate in this alienating culture of death?" Screech and static. "Can I ask the guy in the black trenchcoat--yeah, you with the goatee. How long are you going to serve the master class? Do their shit work?"

Andrews frantically scanned the camera back and forth until he found Jones again. Jones was sweating, but trying to look either unconcerned or indignant and failing at both. Many faces were turned on him as he worked his way out of the crowd, to Andrews's relief.

"These cops surrounding us do the dirty work of the ruling elite. Simple foot soldiers on the front lines of the Class War. Is that all you want to be, pig? A soldier?" The speaker held the mic aloft, apparently expecting an answer, but the only response was yelling from the crowd. Andrews could feel the tension of the cops around him, like dogs straining the leash to chase a squirrel. Any second now and they were going to break this up. Shields up, constantly re-gripping their batons, their tear-gas weapons, their cans of spray. Andrews was tense as well, but with excitement. This was a great scene. The crowd, the nervous expectant energy, the monologue of the speaker. It would make a

